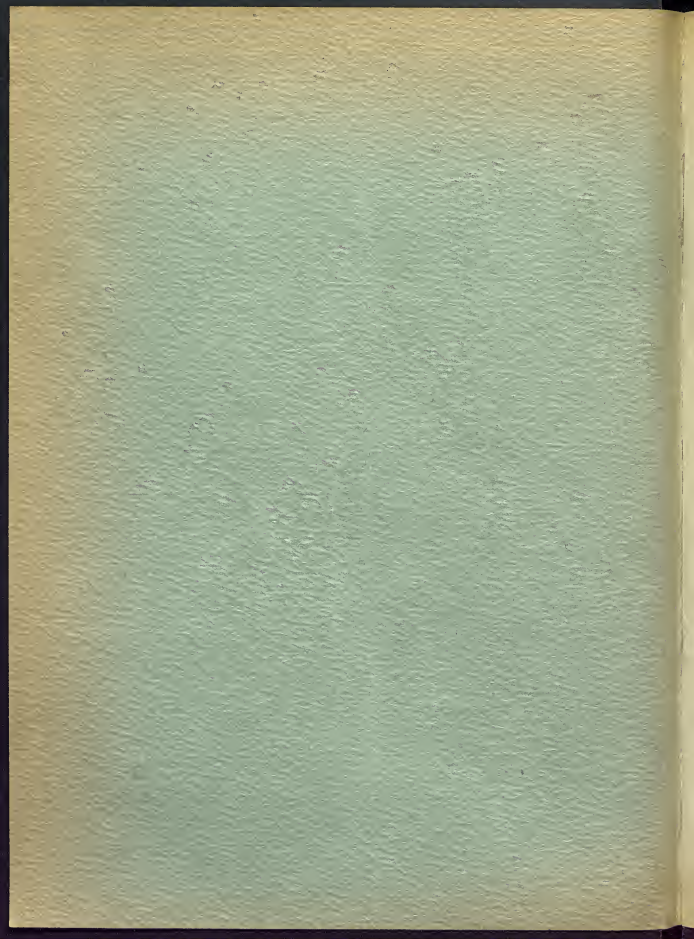


The
West
Saxon



Spring Term,
1932.



WESSEX.

The Annual Magazine published by University College, Southampton, designed to serve as a rallying point for the forces working to create a University of Wessex, and also to provide an annual review of intellectual affairs for the district of Wessex.

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"THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER"

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The West Saxon.

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The West Saxon.

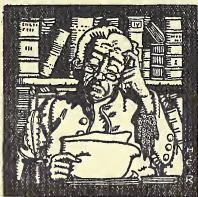
Editor: BARBARA BENINGTON.

Sub-Editor: M. J. GLENN.

Secretary: E. S. EAST.

The Editor accepts no responsibility for any views expressed or suggested in the "West Saxon."

THE EDITOR SPEAKS.



WHAT, again? Yes indeed; and this time it is more difficult than it was last time. For this is an off-season, the mid-season when things are neither new and therefore attractive, nor old and about to be done away with and accordingly once more attractive. No, this is the term when you just rub along finding your own private amusements and wanting not to be bothered with the publication of magazines, though you would assuredly be annoyed if no one at all bothered to be bothered with the things! The other day when I earnestly confided to a man in Refec. that I was going to press soon, he shifted his

chair further away and nervously asked "Whom?" The 29th of February was worrying him more than me, for I had forgotten it was that date; and nothing was further from his mind than the "West Saxon."

Apart from the aforementioned Great Day, nothing of real interest seems to have happened, barring the fact that some of you may have attended one or two lectures and omitted to write one or two essays; and that one lady fainted in the corridor, and another has had frequent heart attacks in Refec.; though there have been deep depressions in the East, Sunny (sic) intervals are being recorded. It is certainly Spring time. Spring is a period of new growth, and in accordance with tradition, a faint down has appeared on several male upper lips; we wish the cultivators every success and venture to recommend careful pruning to encourage growth. "In the spring," too, "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"; the activities of the Choral Society in the production of an opera seem, as usual, to have provided the maximum of opportunity at the time of the maximum of temptation. Should we deplore this? For, as has been said before this is a term of individual enjoyment, when man has little thought for the world in general; a term when many people find their niches and settle into them.

Therefore I was a little surprised to receive for publication a letter (a real letter, not one of those written by the Editor to himself) in which the writer, who is a junior, rigorously condemns some of the stupid regulations and habits of government under which we all suffer. They annoy us from time to time, but, as was said in a recent debate, so do our very trousers; yet they are inevitable in an institution struggling

THE WEST SAXON.

between the status of a training college and a University, and likely to slip back through lack of funds ; an institution, too, where the Students have had a constitution for a comparatively short time, and where they are still far from being an autonomous body. Will someone please take my correspondent in hand, show him first how happy we are, then show him why we are happy and make him realize that he cannot expect to enjoy himself as long as he goes about looking for faults? Will you help him to realize the very marked advances that have been made even during the last few years ; show him that we have a real goal towards which we are striving, and that, though under present conditions little material progress can be effected, we still cherish that ideal in our hearts, thereby acquiring our absurd frivolity? Moreover our ideal is very similar to his, only our attitude towards it is different, for before he has made any attempt to reach it, he has given it up as being too high. Direct his attention to the reports of any of the Societies, take him down to the playing field, let your wit run mad for his benefit, and he may discover that everyone enjoys life ; let him become a member of one of the Societies or Clubs, teach him to dance, persuade him to accept some position of responsibility (probably he will not need much persuasion) and he may realize why we feel that it is good to be alive, and why the boat club effervesces into many words

"full of sound and fury, signifying nothing"

but "we're good, we are!" In dealing with him, remember that he has very strong views, and so go warily ; but as strength is what we need, he cannot be ignored, for when his views are turned into the right direction, he will be as much in love with us as we are ourselves.

Perhaps it would be more effective if I accepted the full responsibility, instead of leaving it to the better natures of one or two casual readers. I should like a private talk with him, too, to see what can be done on the lines indicated ; I should really enjoy it. I shall therefore exercise my quadrennial privilege, when woman is no longer bound to be on the defensive, and suggest he meet me in Refec. some time after Terminals ; I shall do my best not to be offensive, and if his views are tempered with coffee and cigarettes it may be easy to be kind. I leave it to you all to pave the way for me and bid you *au revoir*.



THE NEW OLD TOWN.

RAILWAY coaches empty and alone
stretch in a line to where the evening sky
frames in a sharp rectangle
broken by lines that spangle
with yellow leaves fluttering to the sigh
of summer breeze a dingy arch of stone.

The smoky ancient station lulled by years,
dull with the summer dust is very still,
over the lines dividing
the naked silent siding
tranquility has brooding stood until—
peace like a sleeper's smile palely appears.

W. T.

UNIVERSITIES' CONGRESS.

THE FUTURE OF BRITAIN.

A CRISIS is a time when symptoms both of weakness and of strength are most clearly apparent. It is a time when even the lay mind may be informed by what it sees. It is a time when experts may agree. It is eminently a time for an assessment of present strength and for scientific prospecting of the future.

The Congress at Oxford on the future of Britain has that double object. It will start with an address by Dr. Delisle Burns on Great Britain and the Modern World. Dr. Burns will be followed by Sir Arthur Salter, who will review our economic prospects. Then we plunge into a series of discussions on almost every phase of the national life—industry, town-planning, the arts, the theatre, international relations, the film, journalism. Each subject will have its speaker. Sir Arthur Keith, Dr. Raymond Unwin, Mr. Gerald Barry, Mr. Arthur Elton, Sir Nigel Playfair, and many others.

The Congress is open to all undergraduates. It is a meeting ground for the scientist, the historian, the lawyer, the poet, the artist and the teacher. All these, even—indeed especially—the teacher, will make their contribution to the future. And that future will tend to be fortunate in so far as their contributions are planned, purposeful, correlated, intelligent and positive. It will tend to be unfortunate in so far as they are negative, unplanned, haphazard and disruptive. Let us then endeavour to decide where we are going and why. We are inevitably set upon a journey. It is always best in such circumstances to have some common idea of direction.

The Congress will last for a week of the Easter vacation—from March 31st to April 6th. A week in Oxford would be well spent even were there no discussions. As it is, the mornings and evenings can be occupied with meetings; the afternoons with relaxation. There is the river, there are tennis courts, there are golf courses. For those of more sedentary tastes there are steamboats and motor coaches. And there are always the Colleges.

The Congress will cost £3 17s. 6d. That includes everything, even—indeed especially—tips. It includes a dance on the final evening. It is a remarkably low price. It is based on the assumption that at least three hundred members come. Residents in Oxford may attend the Congress sessions and the dance on payment of 10/6. Meals in College would be extra.

The Congress will be housed in New College, Balliol, Somerville and Guest Houses. The meetings will be held in the Milner Hall of Rhodes House. That will provide a setting that is at once beautiful and appropriate. It is being used by special permission of the Rhodes trustees.

The Congress is the seventh of its kind. The six preceding it have all been interesting, enjoyable and thoroughly successful. So far as you are concerned, the interest, enjoyment and success of this one depends entirely on whether you come. You should register with the N.U.S. before March 15th.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

"Wherein are things creeping innumerable."—*Psalm CIV, v. 25.*

At this season of the year, among the tattered remnants of last year's "Punch," may be seen in our Common Room various pamphlets extolling the advantages of foreign travel. It was my privilege to be present at a study circle which was discussing one of these pamphlets (for a feature of our Common Room is the avidity with which study circles form round anything which threatens to improve the Mind). A doubt, however, was raised by one of the group as to the value of travel in Albania for a man like himself who spoke no Albanian. Now, that's why I'm writing this article; for last year Henry and I spent an amusing month in Ruritania without previous knowledge of a word of Ruritanian, and we are only too anxious that others may benefit from our experience.

The only two necessities are a phrase-book and tact. I supplied the phrase-book: Henry, as was proved by the event, failed to supply the tact.

The phrase-book—The Briton in Ruritania—was first brought into commission as the boat drew in alongside the quay of Ruritania. There is no need to worry until the foreign clime is actually reached, as most foreign climes are reached by boat (a notable—or notorious—exception being Wales), and the porters and things on boats invariably speak English.

On arrival we opened "The Briton in Ruritania" at page 43. To the question, "Have you anything to declare?" Henry, mistaking the place, replied in polished Ruritanian, "This way to the trains." He was, however, more successful with "Bring me two glasses of beer." I afterwards discovered that he had been swotting this up all the way across. It appears that I must have been a line or two astray, for, in an effort to emulate Henry's beer, I found myself loaded with a cup of black coffee.

At this stage a stranger asked Henry for a light. Totally unprepared, Henry hastily opened the "B. in R." and replied, "My tyre is punctured, lend me a patch of india-rubber and little solution." Not that I myself was infallible—far from it. The chemist, for instance, was doubtless astonished, when, in an effort at "I want a bottle of Aspirin," I inadvertently informed him that "These trousers do not fit well"; and the gentleman who confided in me that his wife had a headache, to whom I sympathetically essayed, "I prefer boiled mutton."

As time went on our confidence increased, and we began to venture on simple phrases without the aid of the "Briton in Ruritania." This was the cause of our most notable faux-pas. Two charming Ruritanian girls staying at our hotel had offered to "show us the sights." Accordingly, on the day in question, the four of us ensconced ourselves into a third-class compartment en route for the mountains. Here let it be understood that third-class compartments on the Ruritanian railways do not have upholstered seats, but cushions can be had—for a consideration—from the guard. Wherefore—*toujours la politesse*—turning to the charming lady at my side, "Tetiathi dee cradiee?" said I; meaning, as I thought, "Would you like a cushion?" . . . Henry was most unreasonable about it: try as I might to explain that the difference between "crabee" (cushion) and "cradiee" was very little, he still maintained that I did it on purpose. But Henry is like that. I mean to say, how was I to know that "cradiee" meant "kiss"?

As a result of all which, the prospective traveller will doubtless realise that it is much better either (a) to invest in "Ruritanian without Tears" or (b) to stay at home.

T. W.

S.S.H. FIRE ESCAPES.

"And an highway shall be there, and a way."—*Isaiah 35, v. 5.*

A STUDENT'S TALE.

(Apologies to author of "Ingoldsby Legends."—R. Barham.)

What follows was taken from a manuscript found by Col. I—at T—Hall. Above the legend was a coat of arms surmounted oddly enough by a figure of Justice. Below were the words:—"Strenuis ardua cedunt."

O H Highfield's a place that is pleasant and gay,
(The district I mean not the Hall by the way)
And should you perchance just be out for the day
Across the great green stretching far and away
Where little birds sing and where little boys play
And you happen to pass by a—well, shall we say
Red brick building, when off from the Common you stray.
By all means, I say, if you're passing that way,
Call in for a bit even though you can't stay,
For it's known as the Hartley—though noble not grey—
A rest-house for students before they go down,
Some students look happy, some smile, and some frown.
But the mark of them all is, or should be, the gown.
(A caution note here—there's a building down town
Which bears the same name as this place of renown,
If you go by mistake you'll be done very brown.)

The Hartley library's a sight to be seen
For there you'll find books of every sheen
And there you'll find students—the mighty—the mean,
And some will be learned and some very green,
The majority lazy but just a few keen.
Some do things that end (and it seems rather mean)
In th' Assistant Librarian venting her spleen.
It's a place to which everyone ought to have been
For there you may work, you may smile, you may pout.
But if you should happen to sing or to shout
The aforesaid A. L. will just whisper "You lout,
If you please will you kindly shut up, or get out?"

If you feel that you care to indulge in a spree
There's a hut marked Refectory easy to see—
Within, conversation's remarkably free:
From subjects concerning Certif. or Degree.
If here in this hut you should chance to espy
Some students with note books, with brows very high,
And you think that they're working you may hear them sigh,
You can take it from me that it's just "all my eye,"
You can raise the right hand and announce—it's a buy.
Some folk here are brazen, and some very shy,
Some misbehave openly—others are sly.
It is mostly a story of "he" and of "she,"
With a "fracas" to boot like a menagerie—
Especially so does this happen to be
When the students rush in for their fivepenny tea.

THE WEST SAXON.

When luncheon is over and time tends to pall
If you cannot indulge in a game with a ball,
Or you're certain that walking won't suit you at all,
There's hope for you yet if you'll dance in the Hall—
It really don't matter a bit if you're tall
And neither, conversely a bit if you're small.
The dancing's assorted—there's some who will crawl,
There's some who will stand and there's some who will fall,
And some who seem trying to walk up the wall.
Sometimes it is jolly—(it seldom will pall)—
Sometimes they will sing and sometimes they will bawl,
If you wait long enough someone's certain to call,
"Will the men stand away from the back of the Hall!"

I expect you will notice before you depart
A number of people all tidy and smart
Who even a tyro can tell from their art
That they stand in a dignified group all apart,
They are often collectively known as the staff
And if in their lectures a student you chaff
Or what is much worse should you happen to laugh
They will turn up their noses and call you riff raff
(The rhyme is all right if you say it like calf
As they would in the Dip. class—sez you and not half),
But if you persist in engendering strife
You'll be told in a tone that will cut like a knife
By the Prinny, that one in whom mischief is rife
Is hardly symbolic of corporate life.

MORAL.

If ever in Hartley you happen to be
Whether taking Certif. or what's worse a degree
(The former in two years, the latter in three)
Don't waste all your valuable time sipping tea.
('Twere a far better thing you should run off to sea.)
Take a leaf from the book of the diligent bee,
The motto beginning with "England expects"
Is a very good thing for degenerate wrecks.
If you cannot see that, then I advocate "specs."
Either now, or in future, please never say "Wex,"
And never steal gowns, and never cut "lecs,"
And, shun, above all things, the opposite sex.

TAL.



MR. TH-MPS-N.

"Three in one—"—*Any Hymn.*

MR. -SHM-R-.

Lost is my paradise.—G. H. R. See "*West Saxon*," *Autumn*, 1931.

ON BEING ABOUT TO WRITE AN ESSAY.

PERPETUALLY constrained am I! On such a night as this I feel poignantly those heart-rendering *lacrimae rerum*. There is an immanent force, a sickening consciousness and clutching fear in the immediate vicinity. The power and the glory is departed thence and there reigns in its place a most horror-making vista of an exigent but lamentable necessity. The dreaded moment creeps on, indeed the anni labuntur with an almost indecent velocity. Those who are set in authority over us are calling me, haunting me, repeating in a too-too-nerve-racking refrain, "You know, Mr.—, I should like an essay from you by to-morrow."

Such is my plight, and worse, far worse; for I have no immortal longings in me to endite, being in a peculiarly placid, even lethargic mental state, in fact with peace of mind all passion spent. And now having placed my lithe proboscis firmly on the wheel, I must not tax divine disposal but must apply myself diligently. So finally I seize the bit between my teeth, take the plunge and hurl myself in medias res while my courage is at the sticking point.

Now, the method! We must begin our search for the eternal Idea of Truth. People have searched before on the same subject, therefore, gentlemen, I must ascertain the goodly usage of those antique times. Which having been done, I enquire of those nearest, but not necessarily dearest, to me, and finding that all they seem to need to know is that Truth is Beauty, or alternatively Beauty is Truth, which helps none but the poetically minded, I proceed to greater and higher things. I peruse the works of those great minds who are forbidden to be removed from the precincts. This I find about as useful as trying to catch a falling star, so reluctantly, assuming the attitude of deep-browed Homer, I stare vacantly at the opposite wall with a wild surmise. Despite the high-piled books in charactry, my soul is so mean that it cannot rise to that godlike hour which is so blooming essential.

Then all alone on a wide, wide sea of intellectual vacuity I frown, I concentrate assiduously on those old unhappy far-off things and I wonder what the hell to do next. My main ambition is to sleep, perchance to dream, but there is that pneumatic-drill-like thought—to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow. In my state there come sensations rather than thoughts and a cry from the heart, where, oh where, are the ideas of yesteryear? Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness, for I am become dumb, yea, as daft as the beasts of the field.

Thus, palely loitering, my spirit weakens, but then a baby brain storm, a little crib, will clear us of this deed. The lecturer is an honourable man and his words are full of the magic of language. For my part I had hoped there would be light, and there was no light, and doth he exact day labour, light denied? But there comes a tide in the affairs of men when I must adapt and transmute and 'tis done, and then good-bye to all that and so to bed.

It were good if the rest were silence, but what a fall was there, my countrymen! As regards satisfaction, there was no satisfaction. *Tantae animis coelistibus irae?* There arose a cry of sorrow in the eventide: "Shows no sign of original reading."

5495111.

(Yes, yes ; you've covered the main points very well.—ED.)

OMNIA MUTANTUR

BUT yesterday, Youth's hot red throbbing blood
 Coursed through my veins, and I rejoiced to live ;
 Exulting I was borne upon the flood
 Of Life's swift tide ; while all the world could give
Of happiness and health I thought was mine,
Sweet bounty of a Providence benign.

My mind was bent upon the search for Truth,
 A fleeting goal, that, like the rainbow's end,
Entices yet eludes the grasp of Youth ;
 But still I swore while life should last to spend
In this superb futility each hour,
To range the barren fields and seek the flower.

I gazed around with arrogant disdain
 Upon the crowd of dull insensate things,
Forever dead, forbidden to attain
 Perception's joy or taste to crystal springs
Of Thought : Design or Accident endowed
Man only thus, to whom Creation bowed.

Yet man had made his world a sorry place,
 Abode of lust, oppression, sin and strife ;
The sword of Damocles hung o'er his race—
 A mighty, noble purpose filled my life,
To save Humanity from threatened doom
Ere I must bow my head beneath the tomb ;

To seek a high immutable ideal,
 Nor yield to sensual Pleasure's sweet allure,
To spurn Ambition and its bland appeal
 To youthful pride ; and ever to endure
Scorn, envy, malice, till afar I see
Dawn a new age of peace and harmony.

All that is past ! What now ? I am become
 A wretched slave beneath a despot sway,
A craven heart, devoid of spirit, dumb ;
 My lofty schemes and hopes are swept away.
The dim mist of Forgetfulness conceals
The quest of Knowledge and the sworn ideals.

A woman's smile the wondrous change has wrought,
 Two pale blue eyes, a mass of waving hair.
I call the Heavens to witness that I fought
 No coward's fight ; O God ! what do I care
Now for the world ? Let Man be overthrown
If ere the end I claim her for my own.

OMNIA MUTANTUR

O Love! whose swift, inevitable dart
 Has bowed full many a proud uplifted head,
 Deep-cleaving in the unsuspecting heart,
 By thee with bitter-sweet emotion fed
 My yearning soul cries out in hot desire.
 Make haste, I pray, to strike Her with thy fire!

EROMANEON.



THE ITCHEN RAILWAY CO.

THE Company announces that arrangements are completed for a new service of trains from Woodmill to Floating Bridge (main line) and to the White Swan (Cooper's Clear Ales). These lines work independently; both are subject to tide, workers' strikes, acts of God and mutiny. Return times will be fixed if and when the scheduled trains arrive. The Company can on no account be responsible for delay caused through accidents beyond their control. The rolling stock is of the finest Burmese oak on Beer chassis, with compartments for two, four and eight, excluding the guard. In wet weather passengers (if any) may bring their own umbrellas—subject to the approval of the guard, who likes to see where he is going.

It is hoped to run special trips in the summer to see the beauties of rural England, to pick flowers and to adjust the mechanism of the rolling stock; flappers may be invited. Further details to be announced later.

TIME TABLE.

MAIN LINE (down only).

		A	B	C
WOOD MILL ...	K	2 15*	2 50	3 0
Recreation Ground ...		—	3 10	4 30
Cobden Bridge	—	3 46	8 16
Railway Bridge	—	4 23	<u> </u> x
Northam Bridge	—	5 32	
Coal Wharf	—	?	
Floating Bridge	2 49	†	
		N		

K Low level.

A Seats must be booked beforehand; accommodation strictly limited. 1st class only.

B Novices' special. The Company cannot guarantee any of the times in this column but will do its damndest.

C Mixed train, no flappers.

* Awaits arrival of Nick.

|| Stops to pick up oars.

† Sinks.

x Passengers sleep here.

N That's the eight, that was.

THE WEST SAXON.

BRANCH LINE (up only).

		A	B			C	D
WOOD MILL	K	2 30	3 15	3 30	—	4 2	5 3
The Gut	2 47R	Y	4 7	—	5 23T	4 18
Man's Bridge	...	3 5L	4 5M		—	7 34F	3 17
WHITE SWAN	arr.	3 16Z	†		3 73P	9 39	2 50G
						V	

- K High level.
A The Bush Express. "Talkies" provided for passengers.
B The Dusty Pullman; armchairs throughout.
C Sleeping cars throughout.
D Starts the following day.
R Stops to complain.
L Stops to catch crabs.
Z Slips coach.
Y Coach detached (if any girls about).
M Hits the bridge.
† I don't think!
P Ash Wednesdays only.
T If it does not capsize.
F Goes into siding to allow special to go through for White Swan rush.
V Dogs will not be carried by this train.
G Engine stops for refreshment.



SONG TO MY LADY.

LADY Fair,
When on your hair
Sunlight dances—
Oh, the charm of it!

When your eyes
Smile surmise
Of my anxious love,
They are balm for it.

If I tell
That your spell
Binds my soul to thee,
And you echo me—
Oh, the calm of it!

If you (face
And body's grace)
Slow incline to me—
Then resign to me—
What the harm of it!

SEBASTIAN.

"THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD."

ON March 3rd, 4th and 5th, "The Yeomen of the Guard" was presented by the Choral and Orchestral Society. The performance hardly reached the highest level of the Society's previous work, but this was due less perhaps to the players than to the play. This favourite opera is from one point of view one of the least satisfying of Gilbert and Sullivan's, suffering as it does from uncertainty of treatment. Gilbert's world of fantasy is displayed in his best work through a glass which makes his puppets perform the most diverting antics. But here he seems to offer double vision spectacles, of which the lower part is the familiar and beloved lense, but the upper plain glass of a romantic pink tint. Discussing Gilbert's position in literature, "Q" once called him a cad, on the ground of the heartlessness of his treatment of women. This does not offend so long as the acting is purely light-hearted and irresponsible or frankly cynical, but the tradition of the "Yeomen of the Guard" makes it difficult not to feel that the romantic element was meant to be treated rather seriously, a feeling which is borne out by the music allotted to Fairfax and Elsie. The mood is not sufficiently irresponsible for the fate of Point and Phoebe not to strike a jarring note. The interpretation of these parts by W. Melton and Miss M. Moon was altogether satisfying. The light comedy acting of both was admirable and they kept the ending so far as they themselves were concerned in a flamboyant style that was not quite in the tradition, but that to one spectator improved on it. Both are comedians of no mean order, with great powers of expression. Point was indeed the complete jester in face and voice and Phoebe a very lively minx.

Fairfax (C. M. Hughes) has a fine and effective voice and gave a striking rendering of his important songs, but was rather unemotional and too serious. A little devil-may-care would add much to his effect as an actor. Miss Meech's pretty voice was lost on the rather characterless music of Elsie and the pleasant personality missed its full effect owing to the traditional make-up and the sentimentality of this most unacceptable of all Gilbert's "heroines." She was obviously tired and below her usual form. Miss N. Moore gave a very sound rendering of Dame Carruthers and was a steady and constant support to the chorus. She has considerable command of facial expression and variety of tone in speaking, but needs more expressive gesture and movement. Except for Point and Phoebe, all the principals were noticeably more dramatic in facial expression than in movement. The scenes in which Wilfred (M. Jones) appeared with Point were very entertaining, but with Phoebe he tended to overact. His voice is good and should improve.

The well-known quartet was very successful, though the writer would much like to see it rendered cynically instead of sentimentally. The smaller parts were all well taken and kept the general level. The chorus was more an integral part than is often the case and in at least one instance was almost startlingly dramatic. The large numbers crowded the stage slightly, but as a recompense made an unusually well balanced group of voices in which the women had their due weight with a grateful ease. The chorus of Yeomen was duly weighty and impressive and the whole chorus work had a fine ending and unity.

The costumes, for which the Society was not responsible, would be more effective if theatrical costumiers did not imagine a "Tudor" style which no one from Henry VII's time to Elizabeth's can be found to have worn. Make-up is a difficult problem for such a stage as the College Hall. Except for the Yeomen's Chorus it seemed too

THE WEST SAXON.

heavy to those close up (isn't this bound to be the case, anywhere?—Ed.) and suited to a different lighting system. A very steady improvement has taken place in the latter, which is becoming very effective, though some of the older generation feel inclined to regret the gay old days when the lighting was operated from two planks laid along the roof trusses. The present writer vividly remembers receiving a glass of lemonade on the head from a horrified operator! But doubtless the operators prefer the present arrangement, not to mention the rest of the audience.

The scenery was very well suited to the stage, the lowness of which makes effective scenery none too easy to design.

The Society owes a great debt of gratitude to the unfailing kindness of the friends who helped to make the orchestra the magnificent foundation so important to such a work, and also to Mr. Williams who spared neither time nor trouble. Society, Orchestra and Conductor alike deserve our thanks for a most happy and successful performance.

A. M. T.



SPECULUM LITERARUM.

LIFE OF AN INMATE OF—

SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE—where rules the triple tyrant.—*Milton*.

8 a.m.	The bell invites.— <i>Shakespeare</i> .
11 a.m. (Refec.)	We have short time to stay as you.— <i>Herrick</i> .
1 a.m. (")	Of other care they little reckoning make Than how to scramble at the . . . feast.— <i>Milton</i> .
7.30 p.m. (Dinner)	I could get nothing but what they called bully, which looks like the flesh of Pharoah's lean kine stewed into rags and tatters.— <i>Smollett</i> .
(High Table)th' apocalyptic false heaven at the top o' the Hall.— <i>Butler</i> .
12 midnight.	Fire—Fire—cast on no water.— <i>Shakespeare</i> .
(approx.) Fire alarm	They yelleden as feendes doon in helle.— <i>Chaucer</i> .
Saturday nights (Soirees)	The lads led out their blooming partners.— <i>Gil Blas</i> .
Terminals	My fingers ache, my lips are dry.— <i>Landor</i> .

*—To a basso profundo—heard intermittently on the top corridor of Block A.
Swans sing before they die! t'were no bad thing
Did certain people die before they sing.—*Coleridge*.

LEAF FROM A SCHOOL-PRACTICE RECORD BOOK.

OCTOBER, 1931.

STEPS OF THE LESSON.

I. IN HOSTEL.

A room in S.S.H. Two "stewpots" are discovered lolling on the characteristic ex-army bed.

First student: "Seen the new ass in the 'Stables' yet, Bill?"

Second student: "No, but I've heard he enjoys his oats (wild ones, you know, grow anywhere, even in car-parks). To change the subject, though, seen your slave-driver, overseer, or whatever he calls himself?"

First student: "Yep! and the blighter keeps mouthing 'Fuller notes as evidence of careful preparation,' so farewell, and—once more into the breach, dear friend!"

(He hoists himself unwillingly off the bed.)

II. THE MIDNIGHT OIL.

The strange atmosphere of work. Enter the devil in the guise of an agent for *Cook's (Dreamland) Tours, Limited. The weary "stewpot" throws himself back in his chair and thinks,—I'm *tired!*—the—lesson! I'm going to turn in and dream of that woman fresher. Ooh—fancy having *her* all to yourself!

(He turns in.)

*Footnote—Cooks are often responsible for dreamland tours!

III. GENESIS, OR THE BIRTH OF A NATION.

A large dismal, typically Southampton class-room, badly lit and draughty. (There are two classes in the room.) It is near the end of a period; one class teacher is emphasizing his points by crashing a cane on the front desk, the other class is covering books for its Handwork lesson. Our hero is sitting at a table furiously trying to mug up his "crit." Rings a bell—and enter the supervisor, showing his teeth. The battle commences.

"*Stewpot*": "Now boys, er, er—

Voice from the back: "ER, ER!"

"*Stewpot*," now slightly rattled, breaks into a cockney accent under the stress of great emotion: "And wadjerthink yore dooing, oi?"

Voice (conscious of herd support): Please, sir, what you were doing, sir!

(This painful frustration of our hero's self-assertion arouses the emotion of anger in him; he rushes at the voice and boxes its ears. The voice becomes megaphonic and bawls.)

"Students ain't allowed to 'it us! Ill bring my farver up this afternoon!"

(Here the supervisor, "a bragdiggle deejer," takes over and our hero collapses behind the blackboard.)

IV. AFTERMATH.

Passing the Clock Tower one wintry evening, we hear "Paper, sir!" cried in accents surprisingly orthodox. "Curious" we think! We look closely at the vendor responsible—it is our hero! who, with a heartrending shriek of "Ichabod" runs amok in the High Street, to be mercifully crushed to death under the wheels of the Warden's car.

Moral. Those who can teach, don't. Those who can't, supervise.

D. MINUS.

LORD, WHAT FOOLS!

BACCHUS yawned and stretched out his arm to the electric bell-push, but finding it out of his reach, he subsided again into his comfortable armchair and fell to contemplating the high polish of his patent leather shoes and the immaculate appearance of his evening dress-suit. From which you may deduce that Bacchus was a trifle lazy and not a little vain.

Since he had been nominated to oppose Jupiter in the forthcoming presidential elections he had cancelled a number of his famous feasts and proposed to spend the time in his study adjusting and modifying, where necessary, the machinery of his campaign. To-night, however, he was inclined to let his mind wander and he began to think about the Mortals, who were being made the vital issue in this campaign. Time was when the Gods held sway over the Mortals, but the Mortals had progressed to such an alarming degree that now the Gods were in danger of losing their power. In fact, even now they adopted the modes and manners of the Mortals, they were a tremendous way behind. They perceived the Mortals and emulated them to the best of their ability in a desperate attempt to maintain their position. Bacchus recalled that a tremendous battle had taken place on earth—a battle which had appalled even the Gods. The thunder of the guns, the stench and horror of the battlefields, the throb of machinery and the cries of stricken Mortals had reached to the heavens. Even the mighty Jupiter had been humbled, for the thunder of the Mortals outdid the thunder of the Gods.

The Gods grew afraid. The Mortals were powerful and so the Gods had copied them, but were still impotent, should the Mortals decide to enter their domain. By the time Mortals had discovered how to project themselves back into the past, Mercury had shed his wings for an aeroplane; by the time Mortals were exploding atoms in the ninth dimension, Bacchus had installed a radiogramophone. Thus the problem of the Mortals was a sore one with the Gods.

Now, in to-day's issue of the "Elysian News," the sports page conducted by Lubentia, the beauty notes by Venus and the exchange news by Antias had all been crammed out by a full length report by Mercury, who was the star reporter because he possessed what the Gods had learned to call "pep," on the fact that the Mortals had discovered a method of projecting themselves into the realms of mythology—right into the domain of the Gods.

The effect of the news had been electrifying. The cry had arisen for the presidential elections to take place as soon as possible so that the government would not be without a leader. The odds were most distinctly in favour of Jupiter, and the promoters of some form of sweepstake had been disappointed in that the sale of tickets was very small.

Jupiter, too, was in a position to demand advice from his brothers, Neptune and Pluto, whose kingdoms were already overrun by Mortals, and Bacchus recalled that they had been in the forefront of a movement to bring about the subjection of the Mortals directly after the great battle on earth. This movement had not flourished, however, because the Gods were afraid that any interference with the Mortals would incur their wrath and the Gods were not in a position to risk this—"nor were they ever likely to be," thought Bacchus.

LORD, WHAT FOOLS!

He was just about to make another attempt to reach the bell-push when he thought he sensed another presence in the room. Turning round, he was surprised to see a figure, clad in a simple white robe, standing in front of the window. "Mr. Bacchus, I presume?" remarked the visitor.

"Yes—er—that—is—might I ask who—?"

"I have just come up from earth and perceive that I have succeeded in entering the realms of mythology," vouchsafed the visitor.

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Bacchus, almost at a loss; then with sudden inspiration, "Won't you partake of some refreshment?"

The visitor nodded assent. Bacchus rang the bell and gave the order to a Satyr who appeared immediately.

Over the wine Bacchus and the visitor got on quite friendly terms and Bacchus confided to him the fears of the Gods about their domain being invaded by Mortals, and he learnt from him that the Mortals had achieved many things of which the Gods were not even dimly aware. For instance, by a highly-skilled process of thought perception they could divine the exact thought of another person.

Bacchus was well aware that he was being made the victim of the process and felt decidedly uncomfortable. They, however, became on quite friendly terms and the visitor finally offered Bacchus the immunity of the realm of Gods from Mortals in exchange for the recipe of some of his most potent wines. This was readily agreed, and soon the visitor departed—how he went Bacchus was unable to tell.

He did not let it worry him, for in view of his transaction he could see himself already at the head of the government.

So it transpired—the news leaked out and Bacchus was proclaimed throughout the realm, and when the effect of his wines on the Mortals was perceived his popularity knew no bounds. The Mortals' only activity seemed to be to make wine, drink it and sleep—an unusual thing, since they had learnt to do without sleep for many centuries. Thus the Gods beheld the degeneration of the Mortals and, needless to say, Bacchus was elected with an overwhelming majority even as, he remembered, a government of a large community of Mortals had been elected a short time after the great earth battle.



The Editor wishes to acknowledge gratefully the following publications which have been received:—*Luciad*, *The Sphinx* (and its Panto number), *Tamesis*, *The Northerner*, 3 numbers of *The Gryphon*, *The Victorian*, *The Ram*, *The Magazine of University College*, London, two numbers of *The Phoenix*, *The Torch*, *The Serpent*, two numbers of *The Wintonian*, *The Ryde Grammarian*, *Nusas*, *The Pathfinder*, *Arrows* (and *Twikker*) and *Yggdrasil*. We apologise for any omissions.

ON Friday, February 5th, eight delegates from other Universities came to debate the motion that "This generation pities its grandchildren." Five minutes before the debate was due to begin, I slipped across from Staff Refec., where we were dining, to see whether anyone had come to the Hall to listen to us. I was delighted to see that the stewards were finding some difficulty in reserving seats for the guests, and we hastened across from Refec. to occupy them. When the shouting and tumult that greeted them had died, Knibbs, who was in the chair, called upon Mr. Ryall, from Belfast, to propose the motion.

As the present generation is the parent of future generations, he intended to consider the present assembly, and there he found no individuality and no spirit of adventure ; without the one we would all become mere Robots and without the other the world would become a dull place, for there would be no national spirit left and even in Ireland people would have only themselves to fight. He deplored the modern talk of disarmament and attributed to it the decline in sport, for it was taking away all the true joy of life. Modern morals were equally deplorable as was clearly shown by the bedroom scenes and divorces of the "Talkies," and by modern dance dresses, which became more and more backless, were worn with fewer underclothes and emphasised feminine curves. What he deplored here was the reaction that was bound to come, when our grandchildren were to be pitied for having to wear layer upon layer of flannel petticoat. The growing tendency to communism, which was another threat to individuality, made the future most pitiable.

It was a pity he had lost his notes on the boat.

Miss Congreve, of Exeter, looked on a much brighter side ; man would adapt his environment to suit his needs better, babies would be scientifically perfected after birth, men would be given anti-beer treatment, and there would be numerous vocational schools in the perfected educational system to which our grandchildren would be heirs. With all this the economic situation of the world would be regulated internationally so that surplus production would be avoided. War would be eliminated and, living peaceably, our grandchildren were bound to be happier and to have more time for leisure studies, so that they were rather to be envied than pitied.

Mr. Maxwell, from Leeds, appealed to his fellow workers ; the world was coming to a state either of frenzy or utter boredom, verging on another world war, and all ideals were lost. The world was so apathetic that no one bothered to consider the needs of his grandchildren ; as was shown by the war in Manchuria, man would move only when he has himself to save. The only remedy to be recommended for the dangers involved in this lack of foresight was that men should become celibate, for which our grandchildren are indeed to be pitied.

Mr. Kinsman, from London, agreed with his opinions as to the state of the world, but he maintained on the other hand that the future, bringing murder, war and annihilation, would give the peoples a chance to begin again. Knowing too much to be curious, we could not expect to find happiness, but the revolutionary state of affairs that he depicted would bring the reawakening of curiosity and therefore of true happiness.

Mr. Anderson, from Leicester, endorsed the arguments of Ryall and Maxwell ; the world became more gullible as individuality became rarer, even houses were so alike that their very presence was nauseating to an artistic mind. Mr. Reynolds, from Bristol, flattered the house by asking whether anyone could pity their grand-

children, or those they were to teach ; the increase and perfection of "creative" comforts, the greater power of Christianity and the decrease in humbugging augured well for the state of the next generation but one.

From the floor 13 speechlets added but little other than amusement to the debate. Lewis pointed out that modern civilization was continually bringing many new diseases in its train ; Rackham said the chief horror of future ages was the inevitable supremacy of women, whereupon Miss Cannon became very practical, saying that the preponderance of men speakers showed that women would rule, when they did, by deeds, not words.

Mr. Drake, of Nottingham, was called upon to sum up ; he pointed out that the problems our grandchildren would have to solve would prevent their degeneracy ; educationally, they would be better off, when the ideas of Bertrand Russell and our own Eminent Professor had been absorbed into the current philosophy ; they would also inherit a new Renaissance in Art, for the present was only a transitional period.

Miss Holt Smith, from London, summed up really cleverly ; she picked out one remark from each opponent's speech and ridiculed it by punning or perverting. Then she read a description of the "Modern Man" which ended like this, "He is of a race of worms, only it shows more on some." A truly brilliant piece of work.

When put to the vote the motion was lost by 57 to 203 ; I wonder whether people voted on their previous convictions, on the speeches, or on the speakers?

B. B.



CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

DEAR SIR,

Before I reply to her will you please let me know whether it is the shortness or the shortage of College men that perplexes Pansy.

I am, Your humble servant,
PERSISTENT PERCIVAL.

P.S. I say shortage because she doesn't seem able to find any.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

DEAR SIR,

Will you please convey a message to Perplexed Pansy for me. Tell her "Perhaps you've outgrown them, dear."

Thanking you in anticipation,
I am, Yours truly,
BELINDA.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

My sister wrote to you last term and now I venture to bring my queries before you. Can you find out for me why men wear plus fours on Saturdays?

Yours much bewildered,
PERPLEXED POPSY.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

SIR,

In last term's issue of the "West Saxon" you were good enough to publish two excellent criticisms of the College manners and institutions. With your gracious permission I will add what is to my mind a far more serious complaint.

THE WEST SAXON.

My theme is co-education. When as a miserable fresher I first crept out into the corridor, armed with a brand new gown and a host of good resolutions, I was profoundly ignorant of the ways of women. Apart from the loss of the whole of the good resolutions and three-quarters of the gown, I am still in the same condition. Yet surely the primary object of a co-educational college is to enable young people of either sex to mix with and understand each other. Why has it failed in my case? Not, I assure you, Sir, from any apathy on my part, for I am romantic to the point of foolishness and during the course of my College career, I confess, I have been ardently interested in more than one of my fair fellow-students.

I am convinced that our College does not foster that spirit of fellowship which should break down the barrier of reserve between the sexes. It rather pursues a policy of meticulous segregation, which is painfully obvious in all branches of College life. In the lecture-room, the library, the refectory, the corridor, a careful division is maintained, any exceptions to the rule being regarded both by one another and the rest of the College as bent on nothing less than matrimony. It is little better at the lunch-hour dancing and inter-Hall entertainments. Dancing is at its best a feeble excuse for the association of the sexes, but even so to dance with the same lady on three or four occasions has apparently a suspicious significance.

I should find it difficult, Sir, to decide at whose door the responsibility for this appalling state of affairs may be laid. I am content to have called attention to it, obvious though it may be already to some, and will conclude with the hope that somebody will do something about it. The vagueness is deliberate!

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

MUTT.

ODI PROFANUM.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

DEAR SIR,

Your correspondent T. W. does much to set at rest the tortured mind of the new-comer to College; it is an indescribable relief to realise that there are students amongst us who cannot completely feel satisfied with things as they are.

The school boy views with envy those who can boast of their College; looks forward, with eagerness, to the days when he too may be privileged to enter the University; to be an integral, if not important part of the machinery which leads Youth to a full and fine manhood through the ways of "Student Life." His ambitions for the coming years are built upon what he expects to find left for him by the previous generation of Students; he knows that his College is greater than any other college; he knows that he is going to leave it, having given just that addition which his whole-hearted enthusiasm, respect and devotion can give. He shares the glory of a victory in whatsoever it may be, and his College shares the pride of his own individual attainments.

There is a glorious avenue of hope stretching before the prospective student; who, however, enters his college only to find the most hated mirage which vanishes leaving nothing but bewilderment, disillusionment and despair.

His first week in strange surroundings is calculated to show him how great his college really is, and in comparison, how worthless and insignificant he is himself. This noisome welcome, however, serves only all the more to accentuate the hollowness which it seeks to conceal.

He finds a notice in the Refectory that "men may have tea with women if they

CORRESPONDENCE.

occupy tables near the door." How queer to make any such distinction, but how fully it is realised, after one term, that some such distinction is essential. No idle accusation this but a fully justifiable complaint. Why is it necessary to make a rule that men may not smoke whilst others are finishing their lunch? Surely this is but a common courtesy, a breach of which would elsewhere be regarded as in exceptionally bad taste. Why is it necessary for our own Students' Council to appeal to its electors for Good Manners under threat of action by the Principal?

What can this College of ours show to justify any pride of name? It cannot even command a respectable Press. Why can other Colleges hold annual "Hospital Rags" and yet not Southampton?—because we are an uncultured set of hooligans, who know no sense of proportion, for whom a little freedom is a dangerous thing; because we cannot keep within the bounds of gentlemanly conduct; because we have no thought for others except as a secondary consideration; because, after all this, we are still unashamed.

We hear talk of a University of Wessex—what a hideous mockery! A University cannot be founded with buildings and capital alone, not even with untold gold. There is a far greater thing needed first and that is "Dignity."

Let us in Southampton place our College far above all others, and so make it that we may face the world with the support of an Alma Mater who shall indeed be a Goddess to whom we may send our prayers.

We beg leave to subscribe ourselves, Sir,

Your earnest supporters,

GOG AND MAGOG.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

SIR,

A letter to the "West Saxon"? Why not? Flatter the Editor, and he'll probably print it!

Therefore, Sir, I take for my text the closing words of your last Editorial:—

"And so amid our black despair,
There lingers yet a ray of hope."

An admirable sentiment in truth, and would that your contributors would take it to heart.

Your disgruntled correspondent, T. W., for instance; a man not unknown to me myself, of a pleasant, albeit retiring disposition, yet utterly unworthy of displaying his thoughts to the world through so distinguished a medium as the "West Saxon"; a mind utterly incapable of passing judgment on the present, through its unhealthy pre-occupation with the past; of susceptibilities so sharpened as to be painful both to others and to himself.

Yet this pessimism is not peculiar to such as T. W. Even "Waldig," who, as his pseudonym declares, has more modern inclinations, cannot emerge from this slough of despond. "Change and decay in all around I see!" He asks for advice: hermit's life or correspondence course? Hermit's life indeed! Why, Sir, he is almost as bad as the hapless author of "?" who, all for a perhaps mistaken notion of the hopelessness of his quest, resolves to celibate! Thus ruthlessly to desiderate is tantamount to mental suicide. Let him rather discard this mill-stone of pessimism, and unencumbered take the plunge! Let them all look on the brighter side of things, and then write to the "West Saxon" again. At least that will mean three contributions to the next issue, and perhaps they will not be so devastatingly miserable.

Yours cheerily,

ALBUS.

HALL NOTES.

SOUTH HILL.

THE best introduction to South Hill may be found in the following story :
A new College Lecturer desired to know how to find his way to South Hill.

When at the bottom of Glen Eyre Road he asked an elderly gentleman, the answer took the form of a question—Do you mean the place where the young College gentlemen live? This is South Hill's second and last year as a men's hostel. We consist of thirty-one members—all forming one happy, contented family. We have enjoyed some very jolly Inter Hostel Socials, thanks to the Monty and Highfield ladies (and, perhaps, Cleopatra!). Despite the fact that we are but a small family we can boast active members of every College Society, including the Rugger, Soccer, Hockey, and Rowing Clubs.

Is any other proof needed that S. Hill is of and for the College always?

O. V. B.

RUSSELL HALL.

AT the end of last term, when the worry of Terminals was over, we were entertained by Montefiore Hall. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. At the beginning of this term, when Terminals were so far distant as to afford no worry at all, we entertained Highfield Hall. Again we enjoyed ourselves; and if our guests enjoyed themselves as much as we did, our contentment is the greater. In connection with the latter function, we are inclined, for we are modest, to ascribe much of the success of the evening to the then newly-formed "Hartleyans," who provided sweet music.

As for the future—well, ours is not the prophet's mantle, but this much do we venture: we hope to entertain Montefiore Hall to a flannel-dance in the Summer term. Further than this we refuse to commit ourselves. After which cryptic remark, we hasten to congratulate Mr. R. T. Keleher on his election as Junior representative, and, without more ado, thus take our leave.

F. M. W.

HIGHFIELD HALL.

AN importunate Editor has demanded Hall Notes, so one may reasonably grow retrospective and touch at random upon the most interesting events which have occurred since we came up on January 11th.

The members of Russell Hall gave us our initial impetus on the first Saturday of term when they entertained us at College, and since then, Highfield has gone consistently gay.

The following Saturday, New Hall waived its new-found monasticism (although it is Leap year) and entertained us delightfully. We learned, amongst other things, the novel method of polishing the floor in vogue in that place: four lusty men (or one Warden) are selected, who sit on a large rug and propel themselves over the surface of the boards, an effective if wearing process. There is also among them, a venomous-looking creature called Ana Coluthon, whose presence, we think, may encourage a

HALL NOTES.

revival of those happy days of enterprise and chivalry when youthful knights rose up and slew such reptiles and their dams.

Our Juniors were introduced to Ana when they were entertained at New Hall on the 27th February. This was their second inter-hall function this term, for on the 13th February, South Stoneham House flung wide its ancient portals to them in its usual hospitable fashion.

There remains little more to be said. New Hall found its way to Highfield on the last Saturday in January, and we hope to have the pleasure of entertaining Russell Hall and South Hill next term.

Apart from such functions there is nothing to tell that is not already known. We have duly pitied (or envied) our visionary grandchildren and have supported the Film Society, the W.E.A. and Finance Week; and in short, have behaved in much the same way as the rest of our world.

I don't think there is any more that I can say.

C. B. G.

SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

HULLO, everybody!—and so once more Stoneham greets you. Unfortunately one has to be dull about it or else these house notes would be scarcely proper.

In order then that these may be house notes, let us be dull with as much grace as we can muster.

I really do not know what we are supposed to report. We could give you a revised version of the Stoneham menu. We could publish statistical results including perhaps a list of fines. "All things are lawful but all things are not expedient."

We have to include one regrettable incident. The warden has recently suffered the onslaught of an influenzal cold. This was unfortunate in many ways. He had time to reflect on the shortcomings of mankind in general, and of Stoneham men in particular. As a result the House funds are in spate.

On February 14th we entertained, or so we hope, the first-year women of the College; I believe their first Hall entertainment. This latter was evident from the zeal with which they sought to penetrate the mysteries of a men's hostel. Our sanguine hope is that they really were entertained. If the pleasure that we derived was any measure of their enjoyment then they most certainly were.

These notes must end somewhere, and since I have no more to say I imagine that they might very well end here. To go on for the sake of going on is criminal. Mere words are useless—"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not *caritas*, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

M. J. G.

NEW HALL.

WE have now been able to show outward and visible signs that New Hall is in existence, having had the pleasure of entertaining Highfield and Montefiore on two evenings this term, with the assistance of Mr. Potter with a spot light and Mr. Mawby of the Russian Ballet. Other things have happened too. A number of tulips have taken possession of the flower beds in our Quad., and divers carpenters have been seen sneaking up to the Library that is to be.

We are very grateful, too, to South Stoneham House for the mallet which they have given us and which our Warden wields on High Table with a good grace.

W. L. M.

THE WEST SAXON.

MONTEFIORE HALL.

SINCE the acquisition of their own room, the members of Montefiore Hall have become more firmly welded together, for both Juniors and Seniors have more opportunity for getting to know each other. A suggestion to form a Dramatic and Musical Club met with great approbation, with the result that fortnightly meetings are held at which the members have tea and then spend the rest of the time discovering latent talent in themselves and other people.

Both Juniors and Seniors spent very enjoyable evenings at New Hall, and the Juniors made their first acquaintance with S. Stoneham House.

Except for a Thé Dansant in aid of S.C.M. Finance Week, Montefiore Hall have done no entertaining this term, but are looking forward to meeting the resident Junior Men on March 12th.

A. J. B.



ENCOURAGEMENT TO A STUDENT.

By Master Bab and Suckling (with apologies to Sir John).

WHY so pale and wan, fair student?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when cramming hard won't pass thee,
Worrying prevail?
Prythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young toady?
Prythee, why so mute?
If that creeping will not move him
Keeping mum won't do't!
Prythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! This cuts no ice,
They can but pip thee,
Others "Certif." have taken twice,
So never yelp you—
And may God help you!





S.C.M.

WE have had two general meetings this term. Our fellow student, Mr. Nyawuto, of the Gold Coast, and Mr. J. Ramsbotham, Missionary Secretary from H.Q., were the speakers.

Canon Hodgson, of Winchester, is giving us a series of talks on "Christianity Understood and Misunderstood," at South Stoneham House, each Friday evening throughout Lent. We should like to take this opportunity for thanking all who gave their support to Finance Week Appeals.

J. W. M.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS SOCIETY.

SHELLS are bursting in Shanghai: Japanese soldiers are marching victoriously through Manchuria and on all sides the League of Nations is being held up to scorn.

How dull and uninteresting it would be if the Japs and Chinks came to Geneva as lambs to the slaughter! The present situation, critical though it is, does keep before our eyes the cruelty and squalor of war: it does make us want to say with Winston Churchill, "War has ceased to be a gentleman's game. To hell with it."

Meanwhile though we may criticise the League's activities or inactivities we can hardly criticise its ideals. A feature of our talks this term has been the frank remarks, often in criticism of the League, but such criticism, in so far as it is constructive, is highly desirable. The sooner people realise that the League is not a Divine but a human institution with all the faults and failings of human nature embodied in it, the better it will be for the League and for the world in general.

This term our Study Circles have been disappointing, but the lunch-hour talks on Disarmament have proved very successful. In this connection our thanks are due to Mr. Tyerman, who has been concerned with the political aspects, and to Wing-Commander Cave-Browne-Cave and Dr. A. Lawson for their valuable contributions on air and chemical warfare.

Other "World Problems" were discussed by Sir Thomas Urwick in the Assembly Hall on February 23rd. At this meeting the Principal kindly took the chair, and though we apologise to the dance band and its patrons we feel that the able exposition of the situation in the Far East and of the Reparations problems justified our inter-

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ruption of the usual Hall activities. To Sir Thomas, to the Principal and to the appreciative audience we would say "Thank you."

Finally, our relations with the other societies have been most friendly. We have discussed "Post War Italy" with the Economics Society and "World Agriculture and British Prosperity" with the Geographical Society. We assisted the Town Branch at their Model Assembly at the Central Hall, and in their other activities. It has been a happy and successful term: may the future have even greater happiness and success in store!

H. R. S.

THE CHESS CLUB.

IF public interest is any measure of success, the Chess Club has this term been most successful. Each week League or Cup matches have been played and much new talent has come to light. As a result, the "B" team heads the 2nd League, closely followed by the "C" team.

College "A" struck a bad patch, when nothing would go right for them. They are consequently about half way down the league table. They have consolation, however, as they have reached the Final Round of the Robertson Cup, and have rosy prospects of beating Southampton.

Full use has been made of the facilities for play (in Room 22) during the lunch hour. Those who consider chess a game most suited to men in their second childhood should watch some of the games played there!

We are pleased to welcome several women players to our ranks, and hope that more will follow the example set. Here is a chance to show how superior are women's brains to men's.

The biggest attraction, probably, of the season is coming almost at the end. Sir George Thomas, the world-famous English Chess amateur, is giving a simultaneous display against about 35 boards on March 11th. We hope to provide him with some tough opposition.

C. R. P. D.

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

SINCE the last report the Biological Society has enjoyed a very successful course of lectures. The most outstanding was undoubtedly Professor Sir Arthur Thomson's lecture on The Drama of Animal Life. It was indeed a great honour to have such an eminent scientist to lecture to us, and I am sure his lecture was much appreciated. His subject had a very wide appeal, as he treated it from the romantic rather than from the academic aspect, which proved that zoology is not only technical as we are sometimes led to believe.

Another very interesting lecture was by Dr. M. A. H. Tincker on "The Effect of the Length of the Daylight Period upon Plant Growth." His title may sound long, but I am sure everyone will agree with me that the way in which he treated his subject was very enthralling, especially as he left us with an invitation to visit the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at Wisley, Ripley. This excursion we hope to carry out in the summer term. Dr. Sheriff's lecture on Hindu Zoological Beliefs was most interesting as his unusual subject was treated in an attractive manner.

We have two more lectures this session. Mr. T. Line, M.A., who will lecture on the Ecology of Wicken Fen, and Miss Crofts, D.Sc., who is lecturing on the Expression of Emotion in Animals. Both of these should prove very interesting, and I hope all members will attend them, as well as find time to come to Ripley in the summer term.

E. L. W.

UNIONS AND SOCIETIES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



THE Geographical Society lectures have been well supported this term, both by members of the College and by visitors. At the first meeting Mr. Nyawuto lectured on the "Gold Coast" and showed some beautifully coloured slides. The clarity with which he presented his information was much appreciated.

The second meeting was taken by two Honours students, the subject being "Cornwall." We hear that it was found interesting.

On Friday, February 26th, in co-operation with the League of Nations and Economics Societies, we had the pleasure of hearing F. L. McDougall, Esq., C.M.G., of Australia House, London, speak on "World Agriculture and British Prosperity." Professor Rishbeth took

the chair. The lecturer gave us new points of view which aroused an interesting discussion. We hope that Mr. McDougall will find time to visit us again.

Miss Leveson has kindly consented to talk to the Society on Thursday, March 10th, about Burma. She will show us slides and Burmese handwork. We hope all our members will try to be present.

An excursion to the Docks was run this term. For the first time a special permit was obtained to go over the Floating Dock. This was much appreciated by those who attended. We have to thank the Docks and Marine Manager for arranging such an enjoyable afternoon. The party inspected the cargo sheds, International Cold Storage and bonded warehouses.

Next term it is proposed to go over the "Empress of Britain," when she returns from her present cruise.

W. P. A.

SOIREES.

UNFORTUNATELY no report of the Soiree Committee appeared in the last issue of the "West Saxon," this being due to the fact that the Secretary was suffering from an attack of desire to escape notice after having obtained a regrettably inefficient band for the first Soiree. Two Soirees have been held in each of the Winter and Spring terms. The new system of heating and the new floor have materially increased the pleasure and comfort of the Soirees. We have at last managed to exclude territorial boots from the floor; sand and P.T. are still found there on occasions, but the effects of these have been well eliminated by the plentiful use of boric acid. People suffering from unrequited love and other things still come and blame the M.C. for giving them dull soirees, but neglecting these, and taking the general opinion of the soiree-going population of U.C.S., it appears he is an improvement on its predecessor. (! Ed.) Two days after the last soiree the Works Committee presented the Soiree Committee with a notice-board in the corridor at College. Gwen Masters' Band played at the last three soirees, and its performance was particularly enjoyed at the last soiree, when Mr. Tillyard assisted with his trumpet. The leap-year soiree unfortunately had to take place on February 20th, but the character of the function remained unaffected by its being displaced a week. An important milestone in soiree history was passed on February 13th, 1932, when 11.30 leave was granted for the leap-year soiree. In conclusion may I express my thanks to those outside the committee who

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have helped by selling tickets and blowing up balloons, and to Mr. Montague, who by his floral decorations has made less evident during soirees the military origin of the building in which they are held.

S. E. A.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

WE beg to record what we consider to be a successful term. We began with a debate on January 18th, when one Miss Benington moved and Mr. Stone opposed the motion "That there are too many damned Universities." Lest you should condemn us as blasphemous, let me advise you that the title is of regal origin, and though we might disapprove of the use of such a word in public, it was not for us to garble the words of majesty. Someone later suggested that we should be prosecuted on a charge of high treason for daring to question the veracity of this statement; the charge, however, was not followed up as the house decided at the division to support His Majesty.

Our efforts were next engaged in the entertainment of eight delegates from other Universities. They were given an opportunity to fortify themselves by an excellent dinner before they adjourned to the Hall to debate the motion "That this generation pities its grandchildren," before a large audience, that, while preventing any serious speaking, added considerably to the merriment of the evening. A full account of the speeches occurs on another page. The rest of the week-end was spent in drinking coffee and seeing hostels, lunching at the very kind invitation of the College Council and visiting St. Cross and Winchester College, then in dancing until midnight; all of which was tiring, but none the less enjoyable. We were delighted to be able to put up some of the guests at Highfield and New Hall, and hope that this practice will be continued.

On February 29th, a most important day, men of all kinds turned up to hear men of all kinds debate the motion "That except as a biological necessity, young women are a nuisance," when one young blasphemer went so far as to hope for the day of synthetic babies which would be male babies as a matter of course. Some very gallant speeches were made by the opposition, who really believed in what they said, while the proposition (no names, no scandal) put forward various examples of their own incompatibility with women as they are. Over 80 people attended the debate, and the motion was lost by 14 votes, two women having been convinced that they were nuisances.

The Debating Society of one of the Northern colleges reports with pleasure that one or two men have summoned up courage to speak. I wish we could report that of the women here; of retiring modest maidenhood there can be no better example than a U.C.S. woman at a debate; but elsewhere——?

B. B.

STAGE SOCIETY.

SINCE last term's Stage notes were written, although not since the last issue of the "West Saxon," Drinkwater's "Bird in Hand" has been produced. The venture was financially a failure, but (we believe) a success in other ways. Out thanks are due to "Spectator" for his fair and helpful criticism in last term's issue.

The Play-Reading Club had a pleasant evening at the end of last term, when a sparkling farce of Somerset Maugham (The Unattainable) was read.

This term Shaw's "Apple Cart" was read in the W.C.R., but unfortunately, a slight amount of cutting was enforced by shortage of time. Mr. M. J. Glenn and Miss R. M. Fielder-Watts deserve praise for their joint scrummaging work and their acrobatic gambols.

R. L. W.



R.F.C.

OUR early expectations of a successful season have been fulfilled. Since Christmas, the 1st XV has lost only one match, and that away, and by the narrow margin of three points. The pack, as was to be expected from a pack which had already played together for a whole season, showed excellent form; but the three-quarters deserve especial mention for their improvement in handling and tackling.

As shown by the summary of results given below, the season, considered as a whole, has been by far the most successful of recent years. Only twice have teams reached double figures against us, and only once have we been defeated by more than six points—an ample tribute to the keen tackling of the defence and to the grit and determination of the whole team.

The "A" XV unfortunately lost their remarkable record on January 23rd by their first defeat since 1929; but in spite of this setback, their achievements bode well for the success of next season's captain in his otherwise unenviable task of building up a completely new pack for the first team.

Results:—

		Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Points	
						For	Against
1st XV	...	21	14	2	5	278	91
"A" XV	...	15	14	0	1	349	38
"B" XV	...	1	0	0	1	3	9

P.S. We have just beaten King's, London, by 11 to 13.

E. G. S.

A.F.C.

AS we look back on our activities of the past few months we do so with rather mixed feelings. The Club's record in bear (sic) figures suggests a very successful season and in some measure this is true. The fixtures undertaken have generally been an improvement on those of past years and in this respect the 1st XI's performances against Hants League sides have been distinctly encouraging.

Our games with Bristol (3-4), Exeter (4-5) and Reading (0-0) caused great disappointment especially as all three should have been won. It must, however, be conceded that luck was definitely against us.

The 2nd XI and the "A" XI have had a really successful season and fully deserve our heartiest congratulations.

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The enthusiasm and spirit in the Club as a whole has been a great encouragement to those directly responsible for the Club's activities and our very best wishes go to those who will be remaining to carry on in the best traditions of the game.

Records to date :

						<i>Goals</i>	
		<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>
1st XI	...	21	13	3	5	96	34
2nd XI	...	15	12	3	0	79	32
"A" XI	...	15	9	3	3	58	41

G. P. K.

CROSS COUNTRY CLUB.

THE Cross Country Club has experienced one of the most successful seasons since its inception.

To date 12 teams have been defeated while only two have proved too strong for us, namely, Portsmouth Harriers and Royal Navy, and Royal Marines, Portsmouth.

The outstanding event of the season was the Quadrangular Interschool match on February 6th, when we competed against the Universities of Reading and Bristol and University College, Exeter, emerging victors with a total of 42 points, Reading being runners-up with 58.

Another interesting event was the first H.I.C.A.A.A. Cross Country Championship held at Southampton on February 24th, when we defeated King Alfred's College, Winchester, and Portsmouth Municipal College by a wide margin. Bournemouth Municipal College did not enter a team.

The team visited Liverpool on February 20th, for the U.A.U. Championship, and every member ran excellently to bring Southampton well into the first three, only to have the disappointment of hearing the race declared void.

It would be invidious to mention individuals in a team which always runs essentially as a team, but we must record the occasion when F. Knibbs broke the course record by over two minutes, while A. Harley's consistent running has been a feature of the season.

A. Manning was elected vice-captain during the season and he has captained the team excellently on many occasions.

R. I. T.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

IT seems highly probable that when this season ends the Men's Hockey Club will not have fielded the same 1st team in any two consecutive matches. In all twenty-two men have represented the first team at different times.

Throughout the season many have been kept out of the team by School Prac., injuries, etc., and it is on these occasions that the full benefit of having a regular 2nd team is felt. Although the 2nd team has not had a successful season as far as the winning of matches is concerned, it should feel somewhat satisfied, in that it has kept the first XI well supplied with men.

Only one team (Boscombe H.C.) has defeated the 1st team twice, but on both

ATHLETICS.

occasions the team was far below full strength. The best achievement this term was a victory over Goldsmith's College by 5-0.

The record for the 1st XI so far is :

P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals	
				For	Against
21	13	8	4	92	62
A. E. W.					

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

SINCE the beginning of the season our team has made marked progress both in stick work and combination. The results of the matches have not been so favourable as we hoped, but in many of the games, as in the Bristol match when were defeated by ten goals to nil, the score has not given a true report of the game. In that match play was fairly evenly distributed, but in the circle their forward line had that finish which has been lacking to ours throughout the season.

Our 2nd XI has played regularly throughout the season and has lost few matches.

As only five players will be going down we are quite optimistic of two good elevens for next season.

M. L.

BOAT CLUB NOTES.

OWING to an entirely unavoidable and intensely regrettable combination of circumstances our august and eagerly-looked-for contribution was absent last term from this most venerable academic publication. For our sins of omission we most grovellingly apologise. (So does the Editor.)

Our career in the athletically navigational sphere has been uniformly, almost might we say astoundingly, successful. We have succeeded in slaughtering King's and Bristol coram studentibus, especially to make a College holiday. We have launched out afar and on Father Thames have led East London twice to the sacrifice after gruelling contests of almost unbelievable duration. Consequent on this oh so happy state of affairs, individual members have accumulated (a) a most revolting and nauseating superiority complex, (b) a certain tenderness, not of the emotions.

Yet, however, notwithstanding the constant excruciating removals of exceedingly valuable portions of the epidermis there is a lunatic, a tragi-comical desire to race over the majority of an immense waterway. We have an overpowering, nay, an irresistible urge to match ourselves in battle royal with some six score agglutinations of morons, in proceeding without cessation or diminution of velocity, over a league and a half—three times as far as the Light Brigade. This is the mass suicide movement known to the elect as the "Head of the River," along the unutterably enduring Varsity course.

We rejoice, in addition to the above-mentioned mentally deranged, in a positive galaxy of morning stars, rough diamonds and dark horses, who with incredible assiduity and nerve-shattering enthusiasm are consistently worshipping with devout reverence at the sacred shrine of rowing. Despite their astonishingly heterogeneous nature, their uniformity in bull-like clumsiness, their notable absence of cerebral matter and their fondness for repeated immersion, by undivided concentration and by the sheer magnitude of the corpus vile they have reached a laudable pitch in this noble and exhilarating struggle for perfection.

Finally we should like to end on a note of abject and too-too humble thanks

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to those venerated College dignitaries who, by their unremitting perambulations along the sylvan banks of our mighty river, have so unspeakably contributed to the undoubtedly exalted level of technical excellence so prevalent among us.

D. S. M.

MEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.

WITH my ink in danger of freezing I feel hardly justified in writing about Swimming. But the Summer will come one day (Old Moore tells me so), and when it does the Swimming Club will go into action. It is well prepared, and hopes to repeat the success of last season. The fixture list has given a little trouble, but is taking shape at last. Any who care to take the small trouble of visiting the Corporation Baths to support the team at its Swimming and Water Polo matches will be sure of exciting entertainment.

J. E. S.

NETBALL CLUB.

THE Netball Club has had a successful season as far as their ordinary fixtures are concerned. Until last Saturday the 1st VII had lost only one match and had defeated Bristol and Reading Universities by a big goal margin in both home and away matches. It also reached the finals of the Sussex and S. Hants Netball League, which was played on March 5th, at Portsmouth against Chichester High School, but lost by only one goal after a hard game—which the team's enthusiastic training stood them in good stead. The 2nd VII has also done well in spite of so many unavoidable changes during the last term, and has lost very few matches.

The Club wishes to thank all who have supported them this season, and hopes that even more will watch the matches when they are played on the new court at Swaythling next year.

A. J. B.



MR. M. J-N-S.

Breaking into song by fits.—*Tennyson*.

MISS H. H-W-S.

—A face made up.—*Crashaw*.

THE BOAT CLUB.

There's a blister on my bottom—*Aristophanes*. (trans.)

MISS D-V-Y.

Fashioned so slenderly.—*Hood*.

EDUCATION DEPT. (LECTURERS).

Those who hold the principle unalterably fixed

That instruction with amusement should most carefully be mixed
(They never would be missed).—*Gilbert*.

? They love to dabble in the obscene,
And then they call it sex-hygiene.—*Anon*.

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